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From Graham's Magazine for January.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thoughts of ill—and evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of Fair Renown
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies
Are crossed by pathways that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted—wholly vain—
If rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

SMALL SILVER COIN.—We find the following in the Cincinnati Gazette:

The small silver coin of foreign countries, particularly the Spanish quarters and eighths of a dollar, are by a law of the United States, as we see it stated, reduced to their actual value. The value of the quarter dollars by this act is established at 20 cents, and of the eighth at 10 cents, and at these rates they should pass in ordinary transactions.—We cannot lay our hand on the law, but the statement of its existence comes from reliable sources. It is time this smooth coin was driven out of circulation. We suppose the value fixed by law is the full value of such coins. If they are intrinsically worth more, let them be sent to the mint to be re-coined. The "bit." "shilling," "ninepence," or whatever the eighth of a dollar is called, is very inconvenient coin in making change with our quarters and dimes.

COUNTERFEITS.—Notes on the State Bank of Ohio, of the denomination of one and ten dollars, have been freely circulated within the few days past.—We have before us a one dollar note which was taken from the lot found upon the parties recently arrested in the vicinity of the Clinton Buildings, on Western Row. These counterfeits can readily be detected by the blurred eyes of the figure represented as holding a sickle in his hand, and the general engraving being defective—but the defection of the eyes is the most marked distinction in the bills. The tens are in free circulation, and should be watched with great scrutiny as they are executed with considerable ingenuity.

Cin. Gazette.

THE YOUNG DRAGOON.

A STORY OF THE COWPENS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

There is a thing—there is a thing,
I fain would have from thee;
I fain would have that ring, gold ring.
THE SPECTRE LADY.

The period of our revolutionary history immediately succeeding the defeat at Camden, is still remembered in the Carolinas with horror. The British, elated with their success, and regarding the South as now their own, proceeded in the work of confiscation and massacre with pitiless severity. In that terrible crisis many a family was deprived of its head either by exile or by execution. Yet larger numbers were shorn of their property and reduced to comparative indigence. In a word, terror reigned paramount.

But the common events of life still went on. The transactions of business, the struggle for wealth, the toils of the husbandman, births, deaths, marriages, cares, hopes, fears—all followed each other down the deep current of existence, almost wholly unaffected by the storm of war which agitated the surface. It is an error to suppose that great convulsions disturb the whole order of society. Men will still hate, though the entire nation be turned into a camp; will still strive for the dross of earth; will still, if young and generous, risk their heart's happiness in love.

It was towards the close of a winter evening that a youth of noble mien and handsome face stood at the foot of one of those long avenues of trees, which, in South Carolina, lead up from the road to the mansions of the wealthier proprietors. For nearly half an hour he had been there, as if awaiting the approach of some one from the house: now looking anxiously up the long avenue, now restlessly walking to and fro. During that interval but one person had passed along the highway, and the notice of this one the youth had skillfully avoided by concealing himself behind some dwarf trees within the plantation-fence. This act, as well as his whole demeanor, proved that he was awaiting some secret interview.

At last, just when the dusk began to deepen into night, the flutter of a white dress was seen coming down the avenue. A minute more, and a beautiful girl of eighteen summers appeared on the scene.

"Albert," said the new comer, as the youth, seizing her hand, passionately kissed it, "I have not a second to stay. It was with difficulty I could leave the house unseen, and my absence has doubtless been noticed before this; what we have to say, therefore, must be said at once; why have you sought this interview?"

"I have sought it, Ellen," he replied, still holding her hand, "because, despairing of gaining your consent, I have volunteered in Capt. Washington's cavalry corps, and to-morrow set forth. Perhaps you will never see me more. I could not leave the neighborhood without seeing you once more, and bidding you an eternal farewell; and, as your father's orders had banished me from the house, there was no method of giving you my adieux except by soliciting an interview."

The tears had started to the eyes of his listener, but she turned away her head to conceal them; and for some time neither spoke.

"Ellen, dear Ellen," said the young soldier, earnestly, "will you not now, in this solemn moment, say you love me? I once hoped you did, but since your father has forbidden me the house, you have been less kind; and I fear that I have lost your heart—that you, too, have ceased to care for me, now that I am beggared—"

His hearer suddenly turned her face full upon him, with a look of tearful reproach that cut short his words.

"Bless you, Ellen, for that look," he said. "Though my father's estate is confiscated, and he and I both indigent, it is not on that account that you have seemed so cold to me lately. Say then, dearest, only say that I have been mistaken in thinking you at all altered."

Another look, equally eloquent, answered him; but still his hearer did not speak.

"Oh! Ellen," he continued, "when I am far away fighting my country's battles, what bliss it would be to know that you sometimes think of me; and that if I should fall, you would shed a tear for me."

His listener, at these words, wept freely, and when her agitation had somewhat passed, spoke.

"Albert," she said, "you have conquered. Know then that I do love you." At these words the impetuous young man clasped her in his arms, but she disengaged herself, saying, "But, while my father opposes your suit, I can never be yours. The consciousness of his disapproval has made me affect a coldness to you which my heart belied, in the hope that you would think of some one more worthy of you—but—but," she hesitated, then quickly added, "in a word, if it will comfort you, when away, to know that I think of you, and pray for you, go forth happy—the misery is for us who stay behind, and who are hourly anxious for the fate of the absent."

The tears fell fast as she spoke, and, concluding, she suffered her head to be drawn to her lover's shoulder, while a deep and holy silence succeeded, as these two young and already unhappy beings held each other in a first embrace.

It was only for a moment, however, that Ellen yielded to weakness. Raising her head and brushing the tears from her eyes, she said, while crimson blushes overspread her face.

"And now farewell—perhaps all this is wrong—but I could not see you leave me in anger."

"God bless you for those kind words," said Albert. "But, Ellen, before you go, one more request.—That miniature that hangs around your neck—is it too much to ask for it?"

She hesitated: then, as steps were heard in the road, suddenly gave it to him. He drew a heavy signet-ring from his finger, and said, tendering it in exchange,

"Take this, and let us be true to each other—so help us God!"

And with this parting adjuration, he sprang over the fence to conceal himself behind the brushwood, while Ellen, hastening up the avenue, was soon lost in the obscurity of the hour.

The wind sighed mournfully through the pine woods as this betrothal was consumated, and the dark, starless sky overhead looked down with its weird and melancholy face.

CHAPTER II.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse.—GRAY.

It is well known that, after the defeat of Gates, Congress hastened to supersede that general, and appoint Greene to succeed him. At the period of the incidents narrated in the last chapter, the new commander-in-chief had arrived in the South, and was organizing his forces.

His very first proceeding showed the resources of an intellect, which, in military affairs, was second only to that of the "father of his country." Aware that the initiatory step toward redeeming the south was to arouse the confidence of its people, he determined to divide his force. While, therefore, he moved with one portion down the Pedee, he despatched Morgan, with the remainder, west of the Catawba, in order to encourage the inhabitants in that quarter. Morgan's corps was accompanied by Capt. Washington's light dragoons, of which our hero had already become a conspicuous member.

This division of his army, in the face of an active foe, would have been a capital error, but for the political advantages it offered, and which overbalanced the military ones. Cornwallis, then in command of the royal army, determined to frustrate the success of Greene's plan by cutting off Morgan's detachment; and accordingly ordered Col. Tarleton, with his renowned dragoons, accompanied by a competent force of infantry, to give pursuit.

It was on the 14th of January, 1781, a day ever to be remembered in the annals of our country, that the heroic Morgan learned the danger in which he stood. He determined immediately to give battle.—For this purpose he halted at a place called the Cowpens, and having drawn up his troops, awaited, though not without anxiety, the appearance of the foe.

The attack of Tarleton, as usual, was impetuous, and for awhile the American militia were driven helplessly before it; but soon they rallied, under cover of a few continentals belonging to Morgan's command, and in turn forced the British to give ground. These brave soldiers of the line, led by their colonel, now charged with the bayonet, when the route of the royal infantry became complete.

Washington, with his cavalry, had been waiting impatiently a chance to participate in the fight; but having been stationed as a partial reserve, the order for him to engage did not for some time arrive. His troops shared his enthusiasm. Composed chiefly of young men of family, and mounted on thorough-bred animals, they presented a formidable appearance, as they stood, awaiting the order to engage, the horses champing at the bit, and the riders nervously fingering their swords; they saw the onset of the British, the flight of the first line, and the partial panic that extended through the foot soldiers with horror; but still their leader remained unmoved. Many had never been in battle before, and such believed the day lost; among these was Albert.

At last the confusion became so great around them that troops so undisciplined, if less brave, would have taken to ignominious flight; for the defeated militia were pouring down upon them from all sides, almost compelling them to break their ranks, or see the fugitives perish under the hoofs of their horses. But now Washington seemed to rouse from his inaction. Ordering his men first to allow the flying militia to gain their rear, he then directed them, his sharp, quick tones showing that the moment for action had come, to close up and prepare to charge.

As he spoke, he pointed with his sword ahead, and our hero beheld the renowned regiment of Tarleton coming down upon them at full gallop, and amid a cloud of dust, driving before a mass of dismayed fugitives. The keen eye of Washington measured, for an instant, the distance between them, and then said,

"I want no fire arms used to-day, my lads. Stick to the cold steel.—And now, for God and your country—charge!"

Away went the troop, like a thunder-bolt suddenly loosed from a cloud with every scabbard jingling, every steed snorting with excitement, and the solid earth shaking under them. In full career they burst upon the flank of the enemy, who, disordered by his pursuit, could make but a feeble resistance. Horse and rider went down before the impetuous charge of the Americans, who for awhile fairly rode down their foes.—But British valor soon proved too weak for the combined patriotism and courage of Washington's cavalry; and the royal troops, turning their bridles, took to ignominious flight.

"On, on," cried Washington, waving his sword for his men to follow, "remember the cruelties of these myrmidons. Revenge for our slaughtered countrymen!"

At the word, his men, thus reminded of the butchery of the Waxhaws and of the other atrocities perpetrated under the eye of Tarleton, spurred their horses afresh, and dashed on in pursuit. A complete panic had now taken possession of the royal cavalry, who hurried on at full gallop, each man thinking only of himself. Close on their heels followed the indignant Americans, cutting down mercilessly every red-coat they overtook, until the road was strewed with the dead. Foremost in this pursuit rode Washington, a precedence he owed, not only to his superior steed, but to his eagerness to overtake an officer just ahead, whom he judged to be Tarleton himself from his efforts to rally the fugitives.

The tremendous pace at which Washington rode, at last carried him so far ahead of his men, that, at a bend in the highway, he found himself totally alone. At this moment, the British, looking back, perceived his situation, and immediately turned on him, his principal assailants being Tarleton and two powerful dragoons.

Knowing, however, that assistance must be close at hand, Washington resolutely advanced to meet the enemy, determined to seize Tarleton for his prisoner. But, before he could reach the colonel, the two dragoons dashed at him, the one on the right, the other on the left. He saw only the first of them, however, and accordingly turned on him, clove him down with a single blow of his sabre, then rushed at Tarleton himself.

But, meantime, the other dragoon was advancing, totally disregarded, upon him, and with upraised blade would have cut him down, had not our hero, who had pressed close after his leader, at this instant wheeled round the corner of the wood. At a single glance he took in the whole scene. Albert saw that before he could come up Washington would be slain, unless fire-arms were employed. In this emergency he did not hesitate to disobey the orders of his leader. Jerking a pistol from his holster, he aimed full at the dragoon, just as the sabre of the latter was sweeping down on Washington's head. The man tumbled headlong from his saddle, his sword burying itself in the dust.

"Ha! who is that!" said Washington, sternly, so astonished to find his orders disobeyed, that he turned; a movement which Tarleton took advantage of to make good his escape. "You, Albert!—you!"

"There was no other way," answered our hero, and he pointed to the dead dragoon, "to save your life. His sabre was within six inches of you when I fired."

"It could not be helped, then, I suppose," answered Washington, who now comprehended the event, and saw that he owed his life to the quickness of thought of his young friend; "but stay, you are yourself hurt."

As he spoke, he saw blood issuing from the sleeve of Albert, and immediately afterward the young soldier reeled and fell senseless to the ground.

Two pistol shots had been discharged from the enemy, Washington now recollected, immediately after Albert had fired. On examination, one ball was found in the arm of our hero. The other had perforated the coat, immediately over the heart.

"He is dead," cried the leader, "that second shot has touched a vital part."

He tore away the garments as he spoke, but uttered a cry of joy when he exposed the chest, for there, right over the heart, lay a miniature, which had stopped the ball.

Washington looked at the picture, and muttered, "Ha! I have heard of this—and now I will see if I cannot serve my young friend a good turn."

CHAPTER III.

Marry never for houses, nor marry for lands,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.
FAMILY QUARRELS.

When our hero, after a long interval of unconsciousness, opened his eyes, he found himself, to his surprise, in a large and elegantly furnished apartment, entirely strange to him. He pulled aside the curtains of his bed with his uninjured arm, and looked out. An aged female servant sat watching him.

"What massa want!" she said.

"How did I get here!" he asked.

"Captain Washington heself left you here, massa, after de great battle. De surgeon staid to dress your arm, and den follow arter de troops, who had lick de red-coats, dey say, all to pieces."

"Yes! I know—then the army has pursued its march to the Catawba."

"It hab, massa: and you be to stay here till you well."

"But where am I?"

The old negro woman smiled till she showed all her teeth.

"You no know, massa?"

"I do not."

"You fogit me, Massa Albert—me, Missus Ellen's maman?"

"Good God!" cried our hero, scarcely believing his senses, and scrutinizing her features, "can it be? You are indeed she. And this is Mr. Thorndike's house."

He had started up in bed, and was now confronted by the figure of the owner of the mansion himself, who entered at an opposite door; but who, instead of wearing the angry air which Albert had last seen upon him, smiled kindly upon him.

"I was passing along the corridor," he said, seating himself on the bedside familiarly, and taking the hand of his wounded guest, "and hearing your voice, learned for the first time that you were awake. Accordingly I made bold to enter, in order to assure you of a welcome. When we last parted, Mr. Scott," he said, noticing our hero's look of astonishment, "it was with ill-feeling on both sides. Let all that be forgotten.—Whatever I may have said then I now recall. In saving the life of Capt. Washington, who is my dearest friend, you have laid me under infinite obligations, and at his request I have consented to overlook the past, and to give you my daughter. I only make a single stipulation, which is that you will not ask her hand until this war is over, which," he added, lowering his voice, "can not be long, now that things have begun to go so auspiciously."

Our hero well understood the character of Mr. Thorndike, who was noted for his prudent adherence to whichever side was uppermost, and he attributed this sudden change not only to Capt. Washington's intercessions, but also in part to the prospect there now was of the triumph of the colonial cause, in which case the confiscated estates of the elder Mr. Scott would be restored. He kept this to himself, however, and expressed his thanks for Mr. Thorndike's hospitality.

"But I shall owe you even more," he added, "for the happiness with which your promise has filled me, and I cheerfully accept your terms. Meantime, let me rise, and pay my respects to the ladies in person—I am sure I am well enough."

Our hero, however, was compelled to keep his bed for two entire days, in consequence of the fever, a period which appeared to him an age.

We shall not attempt to describe his meeting with Ellen. Let us pass over the first

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The World's Industrial E

The following stanzas are taken

a doggrel ballad, sung about the street

of London, in relation to the great

World's Fair, to be held in Hyde Park

next spring. The production is not

quite equal in poetical merit to some of

Macaulay's Roman ballads, but it is

probably quite as valuable as represen-

tative of popular taste and habits. We

quote a stanza or two:

What wonderful times are coming, now mark
What wonderful sights will be seen in Hyde Park!
In the sweet month of May (and the time will soon run)
In the year eighteen hundred and fifty and one!
All America, Asia, and Africa too,
The Russian, the Prussian, the Turk and the Jew,
Tens of thousands of foreigners here will meet,
And in every lane there'll be lodgings to let.

There'll be new fashioned tables, coaches and spoons,
Baby-jumpers, steam-engines, and three horse baloons;
There'll be Yankee machines to grind over the old,
And make them come out young, hearty and bold;
All sorts of odd nick-nacks, from Johnny Crapaud;
And glass from Bohemia all in a row;
From Turkey nine ship-loads of carpets and veils,
With a laughing hyena, that has seven tails.

Of course, the sea serpent will come with his tail;
For Barnum has promised he shall without fail;
Along with six mermaids and sweet Jenny Lind,
To charm us with song, and to help raise the wind.
The season approaches, the time's drawing near,
When folks from all parts of the world will be here;
Such a medley old Noah ne'er had in his ark
As you'll see, in the sweet month of May, in Hyde Park.

HERE'S TILL YE, JEMMY.—An Irish man had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him—

"An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when your dead—you'r afther wakin' up ivery time?"

"Bring me a glass o' grog, an' say to me—Here's till ye, Jemmy, an' if I don't rise up an' dhrink, thin bury me!"

"My son, do you know how a gun looks when it is half-cocked?'

"Yeth thir—it lookth ath Poppy doth every time he voliopth the old woman."

"Smart boy—you will be next to head the first time your class gets down to two."

If you would be pungent, be brief—for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

present

tion must

mical knowledge,

much surgical skill and steady nerves—but still the tumor was cut out, and the poor suffering patient restored to his family as if from the grave, for when he left his family he bade them an eternal adieu, anticipating never to meet them again this side of the grave.

Another tumor similar to the above was shown us. It was taken from the leg below the knee. This operation, we were informed, is one of the most hazardous, because it involves a portion of the Tibial artery, which would soon end with fatal hemmorhage. This tumor was removed by O. E. Newton, M. D, the brother of Professor Newton.

Another is a non-manting tumor several inches in diameter, taken from the shoulder of a lady, not long ago, by Professor Newton.

A similar tumor next made its appearance from the box, taken from the breast of a lady by Prof. Newton

The next is a large tumor weighing several pounds. We knew the lady well upon whose breast this painful and unsightly tumor had located itself. Although the mother of a large family, she had resigned herself to death in utter despair.—We recommended her to Prof. Newton, and now the ugly tumor, instead of being a living plague upon her breast, is a dead one in Prof. Newton's cabinet, and the lady is preserved to bless the name of him who removed it, as she does daily to our knowledge.

Another tumor was shown us taken from the ribs of a lady, requiring an incision to be made through the breast.

And another horrible-looking mass of diseased flesh was taken from the breast, but in fact involving the whole gland, requiring that it should be entirely removed. This tumor measures 28 inches in circumference, and weighs 7½ pounds! It had been three years growing.

These which we have mentioned above are but half a dozen of a large cabinet of such morbid growths, all of which were cut out by Prof. Newton himself, with the exception of two or three by his brother, Dr. O. E. Newton.

Prof. Newton informs us that all of these operations were performed while the patients were under the influence of chloroform, so that the suffering which they would have otherwise endured was converted into a deep and unconscious sleep, from which they awakened freed from the ugly excrescence that had caused them years of sleepless nights and agonized days.

These morbid specimens are now added to the Museum of the Memphis Institute, which, with what are already here, and the large number of specimens ordered in Paris, will make one of the most complete museums of morbid specimens belonging to any college in this country.